

OUTLANDER

EPISODE 408
Wilmington

WRITTEN BY
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BASED ON THE NOVEL BY
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FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT
11th September 2018

OUTLANDER
EPISODE 408 "Wilmington"

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CAST LIST – FINAL PRODUCTION DRAFT – 11th September 2018

CLAIRE RANDALL FRASER
JAMIE MACKENZIE FRASER
MURTAGH FITZGIBBONS FRASER

BRIANNA RANDALL
EDMUND FANNING
FERGUS
GEORGE WASHINGTON
GOVERNOR TRYON
JOHN FROHOCK
LIZZIE WEMYSS
MARGARET TRYON
MARSALI
MARTHA WASHINGTON
ROGER WAKEFIELD
STEPHEN BONNET

BRYAN CRANNA
GOTARZES
JOHN GILLETTE
LYSIAS
MALACHI FYKE
TAVERN KEEPER
VARDANES

DRIVER
HOST
SURGEON
TOM
YOUNG MAN

EPISODE 408 "Wilmington"

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INTERIORS

Fergus And Marsali's Rented
Rooms
Shed
Theater
Theater Lobby
Tryon's Carriage
Willow Tree Tavern
 Back Room
 Front Room

EXTERIORS

Shed
Theater
Willow Tree Tavern
Street
Wilmington Street
 Print Shop
Wooded Road
 Thicket Of Trees

FADE IN:

EXT. WILMINGTON STREET - VARIOUS SHOTS - DAY (D7) (1769)

Open on a LEATHER COVERED JOURNAL. REVEAL ROGER WAKEFIELD, recently arrived from Scotland, standing next to a cart, jotting down notes, trying to capture the moment -- as a historian might. But then a notion washes over him, perhaps he should just live the moment. He closes the journal.

He dives back into his real work and continues to show people the PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF AND BRIANNA from the Scottish Festival [Episode 403]. No one has seen her. The portrait's rumpled and worn from its journey on board the Gloriana; so is Roger. As he walks the streets of town, everyone who looks at the portrait shakes their head no.

EXT. WILMINGTON STREET - VARIOUS SHOTS - DAY (D7)

END OF DAY.

He is beginning to lose hope as the sun is setting...

Looking for a bit of shelter, Roger ducks into a SHED off the main thoroughfare -- and disappears for the evening.

EXT. WILMINGTON STREET - TIME LAPSE - NIGHT TO DAY (D7)

The sun sets over the city as we go from night to day.

EXT. WILMINGTON STREET - PRINT SHOP - DAY (D8)

CLOSE ON: The Wilmington Gazette. A stack of NEWSPAPERS sits in the window of J. GILLETTE PRINTER & BOOKSELLER. FIND Roger, staring at the papers with a scowl.

JOHN GILLETTE

Does my establishment offend you in some way, sir?

Printer-proprietor JOHN GILLETTE, 40s, is on his way into the store. Roger considers him -- this is the newspaper that printed -- or will print -- the obituary that he found in the future [Episodes 404/405], with the smudged date.

ROGER

(recovering)

No... It's only that...

Roger takes out the festival portrait of Brianna.

ROGER (CONT'D)
 ...I'm looking for this lady. She recently arrived on the Philip Alonzo. I've made inquiries and no one's seen her.

JOHN GILLETTE
 I haven't either.

Roger looks up to see FERGUS exiting the shop! But of course -- Fergus and Roger don't know each other.

JOHN GILLETTE (CONT'D)
 Have you completed your inventory?

FERGUS
 Yes, sir. We'll need twelve more composing sticks come Thursday.

Roger shows Fergus the picture.

ROGER
 Sir. Have you seen this lady?

FERGUS
 I'm sorry. I haven't seen her.

And of course he never has. Fergus walks away. John Gillette goes inside the shop. OFF Roger, at a loss --

EXT. WILMINGTON STREET - MOMENTS LATER - DAY (D8)

Fergus walks home from work and enters the building where he rents a room with Marsali. He goes up the stairs.

INT. FERGUS AND MARSALI'S RENTED ROOMS - DAY (D8)

Fergus enters his rented rooms. MARSALI is preparing some bread and cheese on a board. He kisses her sweetly.

FERGUS
 Where's the bairn?

MARSALI
 Go see for yerself.

She smirks and nods in the direction of the other room. Confused, Fergus enters and sees CLAIRE holding his one-year-old son GERMAIN, as JAMIE looks on. They're visiting Wilmington and staying with Fergus and Marsali!

FERGUS
Milord! Milady!

Fergus beams, surprised, and embraces Jamie.

FERGUS (CONT'D)
So glad you could come for a visit.
(looks to the door)
Is Ian not with you?

JAMIE
He'll be along tomorrow, he's gone
to Brunswick to fetch casks for our
whisky.

Marsali enters with the cheese and bread. Jamie and Fergus
dive in, hungrily.

CLAIRE
Governor Tryon has asked us to join
him and his wife at the theater.

JAMIE
Summoned us to join him.

FERGUS
You came all this way for a play?

CLAIRE
We came all this way to see you.

JAMIE
(smiling at the baby)
And Germain. But the Governor's
eager to introduce me to one of his
right-hand men. Edmund Fanning.

Claire stands up and hands the baby to Jamie and goes to
help Marsali with lunch. Jamie bounces the little boy.

CLAIRE
A right-hand man with both his own
hands dipped in the treasury -- so
Murtagh would tell us.
(then)
Marsali, shall we get more cheese?

Marsali nods and the women move off into the scullery.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
How are you all coping -- you and
Fergus and the baby?

MARSALI

Bein' a mother to a wee bairn... my heart's so full o' love it's fit to burst. But --

Claire reads the pain on Marsali's face.

CLAIRE

Is something the matter?

MARSALI

No... 'Tis only that... wi' Germain bein' so precious... I look at him and I ken I'd have a knife through my gut before seein' him hurt or in sorrow. If anything should ever happen to him, I'd...

Claire gives her a knowing smile.

CLAIRE

That's the hardest part of being a parent. Though you know you'd die trying, you can't protect them from everyone and everything.

OFF Claire not knowing just how prescient her words are...

OMITTED (MOVED INTO SCENE C1)

OMITTED (MOVED INTO SCENE A1)

INT. WILLOW TREE TAVERN - BACK ROOM - DAY (D9)

An exhausted Roger, illustration in hand, finishes an ale, sloshing it on the drawing --

ROGER

For Christ's sake!

As he wipes the drawing off on his sleeve and gets up to go...

INT. WILLOW TREE TAVERN - FRONT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER - DAY (D9)

Roger walks behind the fireplace toward the side exit, when the sound of a WOMAN'S VOICE stops him...

TWO WOMEN are at the front bar/counter speaking with the TAVERN KEEPER. Roger looks at the women. Could it be?

WOMAN

We need a chamber for the night.
How much do you charge?

TAVERN KEEPER

A shilling. But one night?

WOMAN

Yes. We're leaving tomorrow for
Fraser's Ridge, do you know it?

Roger moves toward them, he knows that voice.

ROGER

Brianna...?

The woman turns and... it's indeed BRIANNA, looking as rumpled and travel-worn as Roger. LIZZIE stands next to her, pale and sickly. Brianna stares blankly -- it's so unexpected to see him here that for a moment she's speechless. Recognition flashes in her eyes, then relief, joy, and excitement, just for a brief moment.

BRIANNA

It's you.

Roger hugs her tightly, not realizing that to Lizzie, in this era, his public embrace is a brazen act of physicality and possession.

ROGER

Thank God I found you.

BRIANNA

Oh my God. What are you doing
here?

Roger steps back and holds her at arm's length -- his mood darkening as he recalls his anger at her making this trip.

ROGER

Looking for you! At no small risk
to life and limb I might add.

BRIANNA

Ow -- that hurts.

LIZZIE

Mistress?

Roger notices Lizzie -- her hand wrapped around an empty tankard, a potential weapon. Clearly, she's misread Brianna's shock and Roger's anger and is thinking he's a bad guy. Roger lets go of Brianna's arm.

ROGER
(to Brianna, sincere)
Can we talk in private?

LIZZIE
Mistress, ye'll not go with this
black villain, surely --

BRIANNA
It's all right, Lizzie. Go up to
the chamber, you need your rest.
I'll be back later.

Brianna takes off her satchel and hands it to Lizzie to take upstairs for her. Roger takes Bree by the arm and leads her outside. OFF Lizzie, eyes narrowing -- an impression has been made.

EXT. WILLOW TREE TAVERN - STREET - DAY (D9)

Brianna and Roger exit and immediately look for a private spot where they can talk. He takes her hand in his -- but she pulls away. She shoves him, lightly, angry.

BRIANNA
What are you doing here? This
wasn't the plan.

ROGER
What the hell was the plan? You
tearing off into nowhere and
risking your neck?

BRIANNA
I would've told you, but -- I
didn't know where we stood after
the last time we talked.

He catches her arm. Then he sees Lizzie watching them again from the window of the tavern. He calms himself.

ROGER
Who's the girl in the tavern?

He nods to Lizzie and Brianna looks.

BRIANNA
That's Lizzie, my maid.
(MORE)

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

(off his look)
I'll explain later. How did you
know where I was?

ROGER

I spoke to Gayle. She told me you
went to visit your mum. So I came
to find you in Inverness --

BRIANNA

(realizing)
You read my letter.

Roger nods, conceding it.

ROGER

Aye. Ye said something terrible is
going to happen to Jamie and
Claire.

BRIANNA

I found an obituary. From an old
newspaper.

And there it is, the stomach-turning confirmation Roger was
dreading: she found the same death notice that he did.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

After you told me about Fraser's
Ridge... I couldn't stop thinking
about them, being here, in America.
I even started dreaming about them.
There was one dream in particular...
my mother was drinking tea with a
crocodile. There were drums beating
and I knew something was after them,
something horrible.

ROGER

Are ye sure ye weren't reading
Alice in Wonderland?

BRIANNA

Anyway, I started looking through
old newspapers and historical
records and...

(beat)

They're going to die in a fire. I
don't know exactly when because the
date was smudged. I contacted the
archive -- the smudge was on the
original. It could be four months
from now or four years.

(MORE)

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

(then)

But -- I need to warn them.

Roger's been thinking about Bree's where we stood comment.

ROGER

What did you mean, you didn't know
where we stood? You didn't know
how I felt about you?

BRIANNA

I did, but... I didn't get to tell
you how I felt, that I loved you
too, and when you said you loved me
and I hadn't said it back --

ROGER

Wait. Did you just say you loved me?
Say it again.

BRIANNA

I... love... you.

As those words ring in Roger's ears, he kisses her. Out in the open, on the street. As he realizes what he's done in public, he takes her hand and leads her to --

ROGER

Come with me... I have a place --

EXT. SHED - MOMENTS LATER - DAY (D9)

Roger and Brianna, giggling, go around the corner, and approach the same shed that Roger's been sleeping in. As they head to it --

INT. SHED - A LITTLE LATER - DAY (D9)

Roger and Brianna burst inside the shed -- and we see Roger's makeshift lodgings. The couple KISSES passionately, months of longing, worry and hardship pouring off of them.

BRIANNA

Close the door.

Roger does. She starts to undo his trousers; he lifts her skirt. They can't keep their hands off each other.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

Are you sure?

ROGER

Do you not know how badly I want you?

BRIANNA

But -- we're not engaged. That seemed to be very important to you. At the festival, you said --

ROGER

I said I'd have you all or not at all.

BRIANNA

Have you changed your mind?

ROGER

No.

BRIANNA

Well then, you have all of me.

ROGER

(gobsmacked)
You'll marry me?

BRIANNA

How could I say no to a man who's pursued me for two hundred years?

Roger laughs, a happy tear in his eye. But then:

ROGER

... I don't have a ring.

BRIANNA

I still have the bracelet you gave me, only --

She shows him she's wearing the pretty silver bracelet he proposed with before. She takes it off to show him: the small inset pink gemstone it once contained is gone.

ROGER

You used the gemstone in the bracelet to come through.

She nods.

ROGER (CONT'D)

I have an idea. D'ye know what handfasting is?

(MORE)

ROGER (CONT'D)

(off her confusion)

It's sort of a temporary marriage,
in the Highlands where folk are a
long way from the nearest minister.
A man and a woman --

BRIANNA

Let's do it.

ROGER

Really?

BRIANNA

Yes.

OFF this thrilling moment...

EXT. THEATER - NIGHT (N9)

Establishing an 18th century Colonial theater. Coaches and
carriages are arriving out front.

INT. THEATER LOBBY - NIGHT (N9)

The lobby is bustling with activity. The highest of high
society for Wilmington. Jamie and Claire enter with GOVERNOR
WILLIAM TRYON and MARGARET TRYON, 37, his wife -- educated,
proud, quirky.

GOVERNOR TRYON

I am pleased that you could join us,
Mister and Mistress Fraser.
This play is said to be quite
exceptional -- indeed, it was
written by a native son of
Wilmington.

Tryon grabs two snifters of brandy off a tray presented by a
an Attendant. He hands the drinks to Jamie and Claire, then
grabs two more, handing one to his wife.

Tryon is charismatic and gregarious -- but underneath is an
ulterior motive. Always. He sees someone passing --

GOVERNOR TRYON (CONT'D)

Ah! Fanning! Come! I must
introduce you to a friend.

EDMUND FANNING, 30, approaches. He walks cautiously, his
military bearing diluted somewhat by the fact that he
grimaces in pain with every step. Claire notices.

GOVERNOR TRYON (CONT'D)

Mr. Fanning, may I present Mr. James Fraser of Fraser's Ridge. Mr. Edmund Fanning, my dear friend and colleague.

JAMIE

A pleasure, sir. My wife, Claire Fraser.

They all bow/curtsey as etiquette requires. Fanning winces.

GOVERNOR TRYON

Mr. Fanning sits on the Assembly and is my public register of deeds. He is also, I might add, the leader of the Orange County militia and judge of the superior court in Salisbury, in your county.

JAMIE

A man with many strings to his bow.

EDMUND FANNING

His Excellency speaks highly of you as well, Mr. Fraser, especially in the light of our current grievances in the western counties.

JAMIE

The Regulators?

GOVERNOR TRYON

Do not dignify those insurgents with that name. I would be ashamed to declare anyone save the Lord above a regulator of all things.

Claire gives Jamie a subtle look, then changes the subject.

CLAIRE

Mr. Fanning -- are you in pain?

EDMUND FANNING

I'm afraid I injured myself standing against the mob which assembled in Hillsborough last May.

GOVERNOR TRYON

Quite literally standing, mind you.

EDMUND FANNING

I am an object of jest.

(MORE)

EDMUND FANNING (CONT'D)

(explains)

In an attempt to appease the insurgents, I carried rum to the river where they were encamped, meaning to persuade them against their lawlessness.

MARGARET TRYON

A noble deed -- one which preserved the lives of many, I'm sure.

EDMUND FANNING

As I turned to leave, my boot stayed in the mud and I must have wounded myself... I've a strange protrusion... the least movement now sends me into paroxysms of pain. My physician assures me it will go away in time.

CLAIRE

Well, not if it's what I think it might be. If I looked, I could be sure.

JAMIE

My wife is a healer, Mr. Fanning.

GOVERNOR TRYON

Well. Let us defer to Mr. Fanning's physician, shall we?

CLAIRE

(pointedly to Fanning)

If the pain becomes worse, you may need a surgeon.

Fanning ignores her.

GOVERNOR TRYON

Mr. Fraser, allow me to introduce you to some of my acquaintances. My wife will present Mistress Fraser to the wives.

Tryon, Fanning and Jamie peel off, leaving Claire with Margaret. Margaret hates being employed in this way -- as does Claire. They look at a clutch of nearby women.

CLAIRE

Ah, the society of "the wives"...

Margaret sees a kindred spirit in Claire -- and is delighted to have a rare opportunity to speak openly.

MARGARET TRYON
Indeed... but fear not -- I'll help
you navigate these waters...

Margaret scans the room, an experienced socialite.

MARGARET TRYON (CONT'D)
(looking around)
There! You've heard of the face
that launched a thousand ships --
well, here is a lady who could fill
as many with tobacco if she so
chose... wit and wealth a-plenty!

Claire follows her gaze to a richly dressed WOMAN standing
with a tall, fabulously dressed MAN at the center of a
crowd.

CLAIRE
Her husband seems to have captured
the attention of the crowd as well.

MARGARET TRYON
That's Colonel Washington.

CLAIRE
I'm sorry -- who -- ?

MARGARET TRYON
Colonel George Washington.

As Claire looks on, she thinks about the man that will be
the father of United States of America.

MARGARET TRYON (CONT'D)
He's a former soldier with the
Virginia Regiment...

CLAIRE
I'd love to meet them both.

As she takes in GEORGE WASHINGTON, 37, and MARTHA, 38...

OMITTED

INT. THEATER LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT (N9)

The Governor and Mrs. Tryon have introduced Jamie and Claire
to the Washingtons. George has the erect bearing and
confidence of a retired military man. He is tall, imposing,
impeccable. He never wears a powdered wig.

Martha is gracious and poised. A meek, kowtowing assemblyman named JOHN FROHOCK, 40, eavesdrops. George is mid-anecdote --

GEORGE WASHINGTON

... Death was levelling my companions on every side of me -- I had four bullets through my coat and two horses shot under me, yet I escaped unhurt.

The women REACT in thrilled distress.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

My own dear brother received an account not just of my death but of my dying speech. I was forced to write him asserting my existence -- and requesting that he write back with my dying words so that I might look them over should I need them in the future.

Tryon, Margaret and Frohock laugh. Claire, having been in the company of kings and princes, is strangely used to this.

CLAIRE

And did he? Send the speech?

MARTHA WASHINGTON

(tongue in cheek)

Oh please, Mistress, don't ask, I beg of you. There's at least one of us here who has heard this tale a good many times before...

George Washington ignores his wife, fixing his sparkling blue eyes on Claire -- intent on finishing his story.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Alas, believing my letter to have been dispatched by either spirit or imposter, John Augustine withheld those words until my return to Mount Vernon a month hence.

(beat)

In the end, it seems I am a man of few words. My speech had only three: "I am killed."

LAUGHTER all around. Washington's gaze fixes on Claire, curious. Martha gives Margaret a look which says -- help me change the subject, please!

MARGARET TRYON

Mr. and Mistress Fraser recently settled their own estate -- ten thousand acres in the Blue Ridge Mountains.

GOVERNOR TRYON

The parcel that Mr. Washington surveyed for me last year.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Yes, I remember. A magnificent stretch of wilderness.

JAMIE

Aye. Good land -- so generously granted to us by His Excellency.

MARTHA WASHINGTON

Hitherto unprecedented generosity. Ten thousand acres... the Governor must be quite fond of you.

GOVERNOR TRYON

Of course I'm fond of him. Mr. Fraser is a loyal man -- a former soldier, you know.

MARTHA WASHINGTON

Oh? Were you with us against the French?

JAMIE

No. Though I've heard tell of your husband's exploits in those wars. (choosing his words wisely)

I fought at Culloden in '46.

Jamie will let the Washingtons imagine for whom.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

I don't recall that battle. But then, I was a mere boy.

CLAIRE

Chopping down cherry trees.

It sort of just comes out; Washington looks at her, confused.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

What a boy would do in his youth -- a figure of speech.

A HOST addresses the mingling guests.

HOST

Ladies and Gentlemen, the play will soon begin.

MARTHA WASHINGTON

Let us be seated.

Jamie and Claire join the others in making their way to the theater, George and Martha in front of them. Privately --

CLAIRE

(brimming with excitement)
I have to tell you something, about George Washington. He is perhaps the most famous American that will ever live.

JAMIE

And what does he do to gain such notoriety?

CLAIRE

He's the man who will win the war against the British. He'll become this country's first leader. But he won't be a king. He's called a President, elected by the people.

As Jamie takes that in --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Oh, if only Brianna was here -- she'd have a hundred questions to ask him.

OFF Claire...

INT. WILLOW TREE TAVERN - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT (N9)

Lizzie comes down the stairs, approaches the Tavern Keeper.

LIZZIE

Has my mistress returned?

TAVERN KEEPER

No. Still off with that man.

LIZZIE

The man of wanton morals?

The Tavern Keeper just shrugs, whatever.

OMITTED

OMITTED

INT. SHED - SAME TIME - NIGHT (N9)

Roger finishes making a small fire in the fireplace... then he approaches Brianna and they kiss gently, longingly. They look into each other's eyes. This is their wedding night.

ROGER

I -- think we're supposed to kneel.

He takes her by the hand and they kneel on a folded SAILCLOTH. He takes both of her hands in his, the fire crackling beside them.

ROGER (CONT'D)

I, Roger Jeremiah, do take thee,
Brianna Ellen, to be my lawful
wedded wife.

(thinks a beat)

With my goods I thee endow, with my
body I thee worship... in sickness
and in health, in richness and in
poverty, so long as we both shall
live, I plight thee my troth.

Brianna beams at his words.

BRIANNA

I, Brianna Ellen, take thee, Roger
Jeremiah... to be my lawful wedded
husband. With my...

(beat as she remembers)

...goods I thee endow -- not that
there's much of that; with my body
I thee... worship, in sickness and
in health, in richness and in
poverty, so long as we both shall
live.

ROGER

(gentle reminder)
The plight.

BRIANNA

Right. I plight thee my... troth.

ROGER

By the power vested in... this
unusual Scottish tradition --

BRIANNA
I now pronounce us --

ROGER/BRIANNA
Man and wife.

Exhilarated, she kisses him. A long good one. The moment is fun and romantic and solemn all at once. As they begin to undress one another...

INT. THEATER - NIGHT (N9)

People are taking their seats. Jamie sits between Governor Tryon and Fanning, with George Washington seated on the other side of Fanning. Claire sits with Margaret and Martha.

GOVERNOR TRYON
They mean to deprive me of my home.
They refuse to see their taxes
apportioned for the construction of
my palace.
(unable to help himself)
Let's hope my men put on a good
show tonight.

JAMIE
I'm sorry?

GOVERNOR TRYON
(quoting)
"All the world's a stage, and all
the men and women merely players;
they have their exits and their
entrances..." -- Shakespeare, you
know. Never goes out of fashion.

Jamie guesses that there's more to this statement than Tryon is letting on, so he placates the Governor, as he knows he must.

JAMIE
Aye, though it's no Shakespeare
we're seeing tonight, Your
Excellency.

GOVERNOR TRYON
Indeed not. But we are at a
theater of his Majesty the King in
all its glory. Made possible
through taxes. Not something those
insurgents will ever comprehend.

JAMIE

A night to remember. But what has this to do with yer men?

Jamie senses that he should be worried.

GOVERNOR TRYON

The insurgents -- I have a spy in their camp.

Frohock, Washington and Fanning have begun to eavesdrop, which pleases Tryon. He cannot contain his secret.

GOVERNOR TRYON (CONT'D)

They mean to rob a carriage conveying tax monies to the treasury in New Bern -- tonight, as it leaves Wilmington.

The theater is full, with everyone in their seats, but that doesn't quell the CHATTER among the crowd.

GOVERNOR TRYON (CONT'D)

They're here, gentlemen -- encamped upon the road to New Bern. And my redcoats are going to arrest them.

JAMIE

(covering his worry)
Do ye ken who they are?

GOVERNOR TRYON

Yes, and one of their leaders is among them. Murtagh Fitzgibbons.

Jamie tries not to react as he realizes Murtagh isn't safely back in Woolam's Creek, he's here in Wilmington and about to be arrested. His wheels turn as he searches for a plan --

JAMIE

If ye'd like, I could ride out and join yer men.

"And warn Murtagh" is what he's thinking. But --

GOVERNOR TRYON

I appreciate your offer, but I have it in hand. Enjoy the performance.

With that, the play, a neoclassical melodrama called "The Prince of Parthia" (historically the first play ever written by an American, in Wilmington, NC, in 1765), begins. The ACTORS onstage are dressed in period costumes.

The setting is the Temple of the Sun, 2nd Century BC, in what is now Iran.

ON STAGE, two actors playing GOTARZES and PHRAATES enter.

GOTARZES

He comes, Arsaces comes, my gallant
Brother, like shining Mars in all
the pomp of conquest --

OFF Jamie, stuck between the Governor and a hard place --

INT. SHED - NIGHT (N9)

Roger is sliding the final garment -- Brianna's chemise -- up her body, kissing every inch of her as he goes.

ROGER

(through kisses)
Your skin is so soft.

He tosses the chemise aside and he takes her in -- firelight illuminating her naked body. She smiles shyly but allows it.

ROGER (CONT'D)

You're the most beautiful woman
I've ever seen.

He reaches out and softly puts his hands on her breasts, kissing her. She kisses him back, long and deep. She helps him unbutton his shirt. And then his pants --

He groans, overwhelmed by desire, and picks her up, kissing her, carrying her to the sailcloth bed he's made up, setting her down beneath him, their naked bodies pressed into each other in agonizing yearning. Both of them are breathless --

BRIANNA

I've wanted this for so long.

ROGER

If I take you now, it's for always.

BRIANNA

Yes. Yes. Please.

And he takes her. She lets out a small cry of pain, but then gives in to it, her mouth finding his. He takes her hands and puts them to his chest.

ROGER

Feel my heart. Tell me if it
stops.

He thrusts into her and she cries out, surprising herself, moaning, he realizes -- in pleasure. She pulls him into her, harder, her breasts rising to meet his chest, her back arching in agonizing anticipation as they move together --

BRIANNA

I love you.

He looks into her eyes and then, kissing her, leaves her --

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

What?

But he's moving down her body, kissing her as he goes, eliciting a moan of yearning from her, tracing her curves and secrets with his mouth and fingers, pausing teasingly --

ROGER

I've been wondering what color your hair is down here.

BRIANNA

(breathless)

It's --

He reaches up and gently puts his fingers over her mouth, silencing her.

ROGER

I'm going to find out for myself.

He spreads her legs open and kisses her...

INT. THEATER - NIGHT (N9)

The play continues --

LYSIAS

And what's that name, that thus they should disturb the ambient air, and weary gracious heav'n with ceaseless bellowings? Vardanes sounds with equal harmony, and suits as well the loud repeated shouts of noisy joy.

Sandwiched between Tryon and Fanning, Jamie is desperate to somehow escape and warn Murtagh -- without raising Tryon's suspicions -- a seemingly impossible task. Claire watches him, seeing his distress and wondering what it's about.

LYSIAS (CONT'D)

*Can he bid Chaos Nature's rule
dissolve, can he deprive mankind of
light and day, and turn the seasons
from their destin'd course?*

Fanning coughs, then grimaces in pain. Jamie looks at Tryon. The Governor is enraptured by the play, as meanwhile --

EXT. WOODED ROAD - SAME TIME - NIGHT (N9)

A FOUR-IN-HAND TREASURY COACH is heading out of town under cover of darkness. Two ARMED GUARDS stand on runners by the back door. One guard looks into the back of the coach: no money there, but instead... ARMED REDCOATS...

INT. THEATER - SAME TIME - NIGHT (N9)

Jamie struggles to watch the play, tortured by both the performance itself and his inability to leave and help Murtagh.

EXT. WOODED ROAD - SAME TIME - NIGHT (N9)

MURTAGH FITZGIBBONS FRASER stands in the middle of a road, looking out, nothing but darkness and portentous silence around the bend. A quite night. A slight breeze.

He moves off the road into a THICKET OF TREES, joining six other Regulators, including BRYAN CRANNA, whom Jamie and Ian met in Woolam's Creek [Episode 405], and MALACHI FYKE. There's a bit of gung-ho in the group.

MURTAGH

Patience, lads.

Meanwhile...

INT. THEATER - SAME TIME - NIGHT (N9)

VARDANES

*Tho' he's my Mother's son, and
churchmen say there's something
sacred in the name of Brother, my
soul endures him not, and he's the
bane of all my hopes of greatness.*

Tryon sighs wistfully at the theatrics.

VARDANES (CONT'D)

*Like the sun, he rules the day and
like the night's pale Queen, my
fainter beams are lost when he
appears. And this because he came
into the world a moon or two before
me: what's the diff'rence --*

Jamie sees Fanning holding his groin in pain and gets an idea. He looks at Claire, remembering what she said about Fanning needing a surgeon if the pain gets worse. He looks back at Fanning... and makes a desperate decision. All eyes are on the stage as Jamie "accidentally" RAMS Fanning's elbow with his forearm hard, causing Fanning's own balled-up fist to PUNCH into the locus of his pain! Fanning SCREAMS and everyone turns to look -- as Jamie stands up.

JAMIE

Christ. Forgive me.

Fanning SCREAMS again. By now the play has stopped.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

He needs a surgeon.

He looks to Claire with double meaning in his eyes. She knows there's more here than meets the eye. She nods.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Governor, Mister Frohock! Help me,
please.

With Tryon's help, Jamie gets a limping Fanning to the aisle. Men and women in the audience are worried, whispering...

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, ladies and gentlemen.
Players, I am sorry. This man is
in distress.

GOVERNOR TRYON

The man is dying! Is there a
surgeon present?!

JAMIE

(with a look to Claire)
My wife is a surgeon, Your
Excellency.

GOVERNOR TRYON

You said she was a healer. Herbs
and potions are one thing -- but
this --

CLAIRE

Bring him to the lobby now. Lay
him flat on his back. Now!

Startled, Governor Tryon and Frohock do as she says,
carrying a nearly unconscious Fanning out of the theater as
Margaret, Martha, George Washington, and OTHERS follow --

Claire hangs back with Jamie, his voice heavy with guilt:

JAMIE

Claire, I havena killed the man,
have I?

CLAIRE

If he's suffering from what I think
he is, you've saved his life by
forcing me to operate.

(then)

What the hell is going on?

JAMIE

The Governor is going to arrest a
gang of Regulators tonight, here in
Wilmington. Murtagh is among them.

Claire processes that -- shocked, worried.

CLAIRE

Arrest them for what?

JAMIE

Robbery -- a hanging offense. I
must warn Murtagh, but Tryon canna
ken I've gone. Will ye keep him
occupied?

Claire walks up toward the lobby.

CLAIRE

I'll buy you as much time as I can.
Be careful.

Claire and Jamie hurry out of the theater into the lobby as
the play resumes --

INT. THEATER LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT (N9)

Fanning is lying on a table, in abject pain. A crowd
surrounds them, some merely curious, some scandalized, as
Claire unbuttons Fanning's pants and pulls them down just
far enough to reveal a large, smooth bulge protruding from
his skin to one side of his penis (which we do not see).

CLAIRE

(sotto)
 Inguinal hernia.
 (then, to Tryon)
 His intestines have moved and the
 blood flow may be cut off: I need to
 operate immediately.

Tryon and Margaret kneel down by Fanning, who is delirious with pain. Jamie nods. Claire turns to a YOUNG MAN --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Go behind the stage and find me a
 needle and thread.

The Young Man runs. Claire stops a Liveried Attendant next --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

And you. Please go next door and
 fetch me a small sharp knife,
 liquor and linen. Lots of linen.

The Man dashes off. Tryon, horrified, turns to John Frohock.

GOVERNOR TRYON

Frohock, for God's sake, find us a
 surgeon.

Frohock exits at a clip, eager to please.

CLAIRE

I am a surgeon, Your Excellency.
 And I'm not waiting. Now if you
 would be so kind as to assist me.

GOVERNOR TRYON

Should you not undertake this
 somewhere more private? We will
 have him carried to the inn --

CLAIRE

Governor, if we don't act quickly,
 Mr. Fanning will die.

She turns Tryon's back to Jamie, and with the Governor thus preoccupied... Jamie sneaks out. Claire grabs a decanter of spirits and hands it to Fanning.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Mr. Fanning, I need you to take
 four or five long drinks. If you
 lose consciousness, all the better.

As Fanning drinks...

OMITTED - MOVED INTO SCENE 21

EXT. THEATER - A MOMENT LATER - NIGHT (N9)

As Jamie exits the theater, he hears --

GEORGE WASHINGTON
How is the patient?

Jamie turns to see George and Martha Washington getting into their FOUR-HORSE COACH.

JAMIE
My wife will do her best to help
him. She's very skilled.

GEORGE WASHINGTON
Excellent news.

JAMIE
(beat, an idea forming)
Ye're leaving?

MARTHA WASHINGTON
We are indeed. What a lugubrious
performance.

George clocks that Jamie is also on his way out.

GEORGE WASHINGTON
Where are you going?

JAMIE
I must fetch my wife's surgical
tools from our residence in
Wilmington...

That sounds reasonable enough.

GEORGE WASHINGTON
May we offer you transport?

Jamie can't say no. And with that --

INT. THEATER LOBBY - SAME TIME - NIGHT (N9)

With Tryon's help, Claire has moved an unconscious Fanning to a table in a private corner of the lobby and covered him with a blanket. A smallish crowd of ONLOOKERS stays to watch.

MUMBLING CROWD

He looks so pale. / He's at death's door.

The two men Claire dispatched earlier run up now with needle and thread, two small knives, a bottle of rum, and rags.

YOUNG MAN

Here ye are, Mistress. I brought ye this as well.

He holds up a clean apron.

CLAIRE

Thank you.

She puts the apron on, then uncorks the rum and douses her KNIFE. Tryon watches, flummoxed, as Claire moves the blanket to expose Fanning's hernia -- keeping his privates covered out of respect -- and douses the area with rum.

GOVERNOR TRYON

What are you doing?

CLAIRE

I'm cleaning the area where I need to make the incision.

Claire now pours the rum into a bowl. She runs her knife blade through the flame of a candle to sterilize it.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I need four men to hold down his arms and legs, keep him still so I can work.

But no volunteers approach.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

The rum will only relax him. He's likely to come in and out of consciousness with the pain. I cannot do this without help -- please!

Finally, three volunteers hesitantly step up. But not a fourth. Remembering Jamie's request to occupy Tryon --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 Your Excellency? He's your
 colleague. If he wakes, it would
 be good to see a friendly face to
 calm him. I need a steady hand --
 would you oblige me? Time is of
 the essence.

Tryon looks around; Fanning is his friend, and these people
 know it -- he can't say no. He nods and joins Claire.

EXT. WILMINGTON STREET - SAME TIME - NIGHT (N9)

The coach stops in front of a building we will later realize
 is where Fergus lives. Jamie climbs out of the coach, then
 turns back to George Washington.

JAMIE
 I'll borrow a horse onwards from
 here. I thank ye for aiding a
 fellow soldier.

GEORGE WASHINGTON
 (joking)
 Is there a war I'm not aware of?

JAMIE
 There is, sir.

And he goes. OFF George Washington --

OMITTED

OMITTED MOVED INTO SCENE 25

INT. THEATER LOBBY - LATER - NIGHT (N9)

Claire makes an incision -- not large, not deep, but enough
 to open the skin. Men and women in the crowd swoon slightly
 at this. There is some blood, not much. Fanning slowly
 wakes up, and the men holding him (including Tryon) keep him
 still. Claire slips her fingers inside the muscle tear as --

CLAIRE
 Mr. Fanning, I need you to remain
 calm.

She gives a LOOK to Tryon. This is IT.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

-- Governor, will you please talk to him, divert his attention from the pain?

For a beat Tryon is at a loss for words as Fanning stares up at him, semi-delirious. Then --

GOVERNOR TRYON

If you lie still, Fanning -- when this is over I'll dip my hands into the treasury and have a house built for you... with the finest brick exterior you've ever laid eyes upon... impenetrable as a fortress it'll be -- safe from those insurgent mobs.

Claire presses a second finger inside Fanning and pushes the protruding intestine back up through the muscle tear from whence it came as Fanning BOLTS IN PAIN, shrieking and writhing --

Tryon puts all of his force into holding down Fanning, until the man passes out of consciousness. By the end of it, they are both sweating. And both relieved. They did it.

CLAIRE

Well done, Governor.

GOVERNOR TRYON

I must admit it was rather exciting.

(then, a thought occurs)

He won't remember what I said... will he?

Claire doesn't respond. She grabs the needle and thread and starts to suture the muscle tear. Her stitches are expertly placed, tight and quick. Tryon's impressed.

SURGEON

Make way! Let me through!

A commotion behind her. An elderly MALE SURGEON arrives with John Frohock. The Surgeon sees Claire.

SURGEON (CONT'D)

What hath hell wrought?

CLAIRE

I'm about to close the opening.

SURGEON

(shocked)

You've butchered him, madam. All he needed was tobacco smoke up through the rear.

The Governor looks at the surgeon.

GOVERNOR TRYON

We've no need of you. The lady has it in hand.

OFF his trusting nod to Claire...

OMITTED

EXT. WILMINGTON STREET - SAME TIME - NIGHT (N9)

Jamie is riding a horse -- fast. Will he make it in time?

EXT. WOODED ROAD - SAME TIME - NIGHT (N9)

The TREASURY COACH rolls along, redcoats hiding within. TWO REDCOATS follow on horseback. The DRIVER slows the horses, seeing a man (a Regulator) standing in the road holding up a lantern, forcing them to a stop. It's BRYAN CRANNA.

BRYAN

Halt!

INT. THEATER LOBBY - SAME TIME - NIGHT (N9)

Claire sutures the muscle wall, then starts to suture the outer incision that she made. The Surgeon is impressed. The crowd watches and whispers...

EXT. WOODED ROAD - SAME TIME - NIGHT (N9)

Bryan approaches the stopped treasury coach, raising his lantern. The Redcoats in their hiding place ready themselves to arrest them as --

IN THE THICKET OF TREES --

Murtagh and company ready themselves, unaware of the danger. He draws his blade and pistol. The others follow his lead.

MURTAGH

Let's take back our money!

But before they can move out -- someone GRABS Murtagh from behind and pulls him backward --

FADE OUT.

INT. THEATER LOBBY - LATER - NIGHT (N9)

Claire finishes the last of the sutures and dabs some blood away. The suture is tight, clean. Claire looks out and scans the crowd for Jamie, but he hasn't returned.

GOVERNOR TRYON
Have you finished, Mistress?

CLAIRE
I'll see him home.

She covers Fanning, listens to his breathing...

GOVERNOR TRYON
I believe you may have saved his life.
(sincerely impressed)
I see now why your husband claims he cannot live without you in the wilderness.

The crowd begins to applaud her as she turns and -- she sees Jamie at the back of the crowd, arriving. Claire peels off with Jamie. Quietly --

CLAIRE
You certainly left that to the last moment.

JAMIE
(re: Tryon)
He didna seem to notice.

CLAIRE
Did you reach Murtagh in time?

JAMIE
I hope so.

What could that mean? OFF Jamie --

EXT. WOODED ROAD - THICKET OF TREES - NIGHT (N9)

Murtagh WHIRLS AROUND to see that -- his rescuer is not Jamie but an out-of-breath Fergus.

MURTAGH

Make yer breaths count -- they
being yer last.

Murtagh, places his blade against Fergus's throat --

Fergus lifts his false hand to his lips: shhh.

FERGUS

The Governor knows of your plan and
intends to have you arrested.

Murtagh stops -- of course Jamie has told him that Fergus
was here and the story of how he lost his hand. That and the
French accent can only mean --

MURTAGH

Fergus? Is that you, lad?

FERGUS

Milord sent me to warn you: do not
rob the coach.

Murtagh looks back to the road -- then puts a hand out to
stop the other Regulators. He WHISTLES like a bird.

OUT IN THE ROAD --

Bryan hears the abort whistle. He looks to the woods, then
back up at the driver. Tension mounts as Bryan waits for a
final signal to confirm --

DRIVER

May I help you sir?

IN THEIR HIDING PLACE --

The redcoats ready themselves for the robbery.

IN THE ROAD --

Another bird whistle. Bryan knows this is a warning signal
and keeps his gun covered. MALACHI FYKE approaches --
whistling -- the same warning tune, and appearing drunk,
dispelling any notion it was an attack signal.

MALACHI FYKE

(fake drunk)

Apologies, sir -- we've had a
bottle or two this evening...
thought you might tell us if this
is the road to Wilmington.

The Driver nods. Bryan and Malachi quickly step off the road and disappear into the woods.

IN THE THICKET OF TREES --

Murtagh, Fergus, and the other Regulators quickly slip away into the woods --

MURTAGH
We've been found out.

FERGUS
(whispers)
You have a spy in your camp.

MURTAGH
I suppose I must. Yer Uncle
couldna be troubled to come and
tell me himself, eh?

FERGUS
He's at the theatre.

They pause at a look-out.

MURTAGH
(raising a brow)
The theatre?

A MOMENT between Murtagh and Fergus. Murtagh grabs him by the shoulders, really takes him in.

MURTAGH (CONT'D)
Just as well.
(looking at Fergus)
No other man I'd be happier to see.

As they get on their horses --

OMITTED

OMITTED - MOVED INTO SCENE 33

INT. SHED - NIGHT (N9)

Roger and Brianna lie in each other's arms. Brianna traces the lines of Roger's chest with her finger.

BRIANNA
Can I ask you something?

ROGER

Anything.

BRIANNA

Was it all right? Did I do it right?

ROGER

Oh God!

He bends his neck and kisses her, long and lingering.

BRIANNA

It was all right, then?

ROGER

Christ, yes. How could you possibly think otherwise?

BRIANNA

Well, you didn't say anything. You just lay there like someone had hit you over the head. I thought you were disappointed.

Roger kisses her again.

ROGER

No. Behaving as though your spinal column has been removed is a fair indication of male satisfaction.

She snuggles into him, relieved.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Now, can I ask you something?

BRIANNA

Of course.
(then, playful)
Husband.

ROGER

Did it hurt? The first time?

BRIANNA

Yes, but...
(with a smile)
I liked it.

ROGER

When I thought of our wedding night, I always pictured... clean sheets and champagne. A bed.

BRIANNA

I have those things, but not this.

She takes in the fire, the "blanket", the bed Roger fashioned from sailcloth. She couldn't imagine anything better.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

I don't think I've ever been so happy.

With that, she moves her focus down his body...

ROGER

Bree --

She reaches up and playfully puts her own fingers over his mouth to drown out the half-hearted objection. He closes his eyes as she takes him in her mouth...

TIME CUT:

They are spent, still in each other's arms. The fire is burning low. A sense of their reality is setting back in.

ROGER (CONT'D)

We should start looking for gems to get back through the stones, after we help your parents.

BRIANNA

Yeah.

Both of them are daunted by the prospect of what lies ahead.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

It's so frustrating, not knowing the exact date of the fire. I know I have time, but I don't know how much. I could kill that printer.

ROGER

When I met him, I was tempted to tell him off, but...

BRIANNA

Who?

ROGER

The printer who smudged the date.

Brianna stops, suddenly very confused.

BRIANNA
How did you know?

Shit. Roger realizes he's slipped up.

ROGER
Hmm?

BRIANNA
I just told you about the obituary.
How could you have known about the
smudged date? Or who the printer
was?
(realizes)
Unless... you already knew.

And Roger can't lie. Not on the night of their handfasting.

ROGER
Don't be angry. But, I did know.
(beat)
I found the same obituary.

BRIANNA
After I left?

A long beat.

ROGER
No. Before.

BRIANNA
And you didn't you tell me?

ROGER
I almost did. But -- you were so
happy when I told you that your
parents found each other. I
couldn't bear making you sad again.

BRIANNA
You found out my mother died and you
didn't think I should know that?

ROGER
At first, I did. I wanted to tell
ye, but there was no point in
breaking your heart. Even Fiona
agreed, and I...

BRIANNA
Fiona? You talked about this with
Fiona? -- about my mother -- about
time travel?

This is not jealousy -- but anger that Roger would talk about any of this with anyone but her.

ROGER

It's how I found the obituary -- Fiona had it -- or her granny did. She was a caller for the dancers at Craigh na Dun. Fiona already knew about time travel, and she agreed that if I told you about the fire, it would do more harm than good.

BRIANNA

Oh she did, did she? She's the one you consulted about this, not me.

ROGER

Brianna --

BRIANNA

And then the two of you decided I shouldn't know my mother was dead.

ROGER

She was already dead! You knew she was dead -- she'd been dead for two hundred years. What could you do?

BRIANNA

This. I could do this.
(realizes)
But you didn't want me to.

ROGER

Brianna, we have this gift, but we cannot be the arbiters of who lives and who dies. Or we'd save all our loved-ones.

BRIANNA

Well, that's my decision to make! I never would have done that to you, Roger -- how dare you take that choice away from me?!

ROGER

I didn't want to break your heart!

BRIANNA

You wanted me to be happy so I'd marry you.

ROGER

Yes!

Brianna can't quite believe he admitted it.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Pardon me for wanting you to be my wife -- which, by the way, you are now, so maybe it's time you listened to me.

BRIANNA

What? I'm your wife so now I have to do what you say? Is that how it's going to be -- you make my decisions for me so I don't have worry my pretty little head?

ROGER

You're twisting my words! I nearly died comin' after you!

BRIANNA

Well, I didn't ask you to come.

ROGER

That's right! You left without saying a word -- just a note I was supposed to receive a year later, after ye'd died or got stuck. Maybe I should just go back.

BRIANNA

Maybe you should.

That stops him. He looks at her. She reaches for her chemise, slipping it back on.

ROGER

Is that what you want? For me to leave and return through the stones?

BRIANNA

Turns out Lizzie and I do pretty well on our own.

ROGER

Brianna, you told me about your last words to your father and that you have never forgiven yourself for leaving him like that --

Brianna has reached DEFCON 1.

BRIANNA

How dare you bring my father into this --

ROGER

It's the same thing! Can you not see that? Right when it matters -- you're pushing me away.

BRIANNA

Screw you! I was just a kid.

ROGER

You know what? You still are. A woman wouldn't do this --

BRIANNA

Fine. If that's what you think then you should go.

ROGER

Look me in the eye and tell me, because if that's what you really want, I will go.

Brianna looks him in the eye.

BRIANNA

No one's stopping you.

He's devastated by this. He shakes his head, not even mad any more -- just sad. He leaves. The shed door closes. Brianna breaks down, weeping aloud as Roger's footsteps disappear. This drama just became a tragedy.

OMITTED

INT. TRYON'S CARRIAGE - NIGHT (N9)

Jamie and Frohock talk to Tryon.

GOVERNOR TRYON

The insurgents must have received word of my plan.

JOHN FROHOCK

Someone alerted them?

GOVERNOR TRYON

Obviously. I told both of you about it, as well as Fanning and Colonel Washington, but you were all in my company...

Something suddenly occurs to Frohock --

JOHN FROHOCK
No, I -- I saw him leave the play!

GOVERNOR TRYON
Who?

Jamie tenses. Frohock looks to Jamie, then back to Tryon.

JOHN FROHOCK
Colonel Washington, Your Excellency.
I saw him and his wife putting on
their coats as I ran to fetch the
surgeon.

JAMIE
The two of them?

JOHN FROHOCK
Yes. The two of them together.

Jamie realizes he's safe -- Frohock saw George and Martha before Jamie joined them. Tryon smiles -- all suspicion firmly on Washington now. Jamie has dodged a bullet.

GOVERNOR TRYON
Never trust a Virginian.
(then)
Washington's day will come. And
the seven I seek shall be arrested.

JAMIE
(dubious)
On what charge, Your Excellency?
No crime was committed.

GOVERNOR TRYON
(making it up as he goes)
Conspiracy... to perpetrate a
theft.

Governor Tryon smiles, it's good to be the Governor. OFF
Jamie: he may be in the clear, but Murtagh certainly isn't.

INT. SHED - NIGHT (N9)

Brianna finishes dressing and slides a pin into her hair. She's been crying -- and secretly hoping that Roger will return. But he hasn't. She wipes away her tears and goes to the door --

EXT. WILMINGTON STREET - NIGHT (N9)

The street is dark and sparsely populated. Brianna takes her "walk of shame" back to the tavern.

INT. WILLOW TREE TAVERN - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT (N9)

Not crowded at this hour. A card game at one end of the room -- SAILORS gambling. ROUGH DRUNKARDS sit near the bar. As Brianna enters, a drunk named TOM looks her up and down.

TOM

Oy, here's a nice filly then.

She pushes past Tom, who sneers at her, and past a Bar Maid at the front counter who doesn't even look up. (Note: The Tavern Keeper is not there, as this is the late night shift.) Bree walks around the edge of the room, which takes her close to the card game. As she passes... she glances at the table, scattered with coins and other small valuables being wagered and --

Someone grabs her arm.

MAN'S VOICE

Blow on it will ye, darlin'?

She looks. She doesn't recognize the man, but we do: it's STEPHEN BONNET, the thief from the riverboat [Episode 401] and the murderous captain of the Gloriana [Episode 407]!

STEPHEN BONNET

(winks, charismatic)

Perhaps ye'll change my luck.

The other sailors laugh (we recognize some of them as Roger's shipmates from the Gloriana) as Bonnet holds something out to Brianna -- his ante: a tarnished metal ring, a narrow bead of silver transversing its band. Simple, rough, distinctive. We recognize it, and so does she: it's Claire's "Key To Lallybroch" ring -- the one Bonnet stole from her!

Bree takes the ring -- and now she knows it's Claire's. But with that confirmation comes fear --

BRIANNA

Where did you get this?

STEPHEN BONNET

Why do you ask?

BRIANNA

It looks like one my mother had.

That pleases Bonnet greatly. He remembers his fascination with Claire -- and here's her daughter, ripe for the taking. He looks Brianna up and down, liking her even more.

STEPHEN BONNET

Does it now?

BRIANNA

Is she alive? It's... bad luck to wear the jewelry of the dead.

STEPHEN BONNET

I cannot say I've noticed that effect myself. But I can assure ye, your mother was both alive and well when I left her.

He smiles, charming her -- as he did when he first met Jamie and Claire. Brianna is disarmed -- and amazed that she's met someone who knows her mom.

BRIANNA

Where is she?

STEPHEN BONNET

I'm afraid I don't know; my time with the lady was some while ago, though pleasant...

(gets an idea)

But if you'd like to return it to her... perhaps an agreement can be reached.

(lays down his cards)

Fold.

BRIANNA

You'll sell it to me?

He smiles, rises, and takes the ring back from Brianna.

STEPHEN BONNET

Come. I never haggle in public.

(re: the sailors)

This lot will learn my tricks.

He leads her into --

INT. WILLOW TREE TAVERN - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT
(N9)

The back room is dark and empty of people. He leads her to a table in the back corner by the fireplace.

BRIANNA
 I'll pay you for it.

STEPHEN BONNET
 I've enough money.

He sets the ring on the mantle and turns to face her.

STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)
 Perhaps you can earn it though.

He smiles and she knows exactly what he means.

BRIANNA
 You've mistaken me. I didn't mean --

STEPHEN BONNET
 I think perhaps you've mistaken me.

He pulls her into the corner and shoves her to her knees, facing him as he unbuckles his pants.

BRIANNA
 No --

Brianna scrambles out of his grip and tries to run... but Bonnet catches her foot and she falls to the floor -- hard. He pulls her back towards him by an ankle as she kicks and screams, fighting to get away -- her boots coming off in the process. He throws them aside, they land near the threshold of the doorway --

STEPHEN BONNET
 Like games, do you? I like to play too.

Then, pinning her, he drops his pants, revealing himself.

BRIANNA
 Help! Somebody... help me! --

Bonnet BACKHANDS HER. Then, leaning in, he whispers:

STEPHEN BONNET
 You truly want to fight me?

And Brianna terrified, crying, falls silent, shutting down emotionally as Bonnet roughly pulls up her skirt. Brianna clamps her eyes tight and stops fighting him, as...

INT. WILLOW TREE TAVERN - FRONT ROOM - SAME - NIGHT (N9)

As the horrible thing happens, the men out here do nothing.

TOM
(to the Bar Maid)
Another ale.

The sailors chuckle -- typical Bonnet -- and get back to their game. The Bar Maid gives Tom an ale. No one is outraged; no one helps. We hear Bonnet's GRUNTING over the small, mundane sounds of drinking and card playing...

INT. WILLOW TREE TAVERN - BACK ROOM - LATER - NIGHT (N9)

Bonnet rolls off of Brianna and collapses sweatily beside her, satiated. A beat as he breathes. Brianna rolls away from him, devastated, hurt, tears in her eyes.

STEPHEN BONNET
Not bad, sweetheart. Though I've
had livelier rides.

Brianna pulls down her skirt, wipes her tears. She's in shock, in pain. Bonnet has realized something.

STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)
I thought ye might be a virgin, but
that wasn't your first time was it?

That makes her cry again -- thinking of what she had with Roger, wondering where he's gone -- but she fights it back. Tidied up as much as possible, she rises shakily to her feet and starts to leave in silence. Bonnet rises behind her.

STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)
Forgot something, didn't you?

She turns back, gives him a steely look. What now? Bonnet plucks the ring off the mantle and holds it out to her. She shoots him a look: you're kidding me.

STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)
I pay for my pleasures. I'm an
honest man for a pirate.

And he actually believes that. With shaking hand, Bree takes the ring.

STEPHEN BONNET (CONT'D)

If you find your mother, give her
my best regards.

Bree pockets the ring and walks out. At the door to the front room she stops. Her boots have been placed neatly at the threshold. Someone's idea of an apology for not helping. All the horrible men who did nothing have gone back to their games. She's humiliated.

Painfully, she picks up her boots in one hand... and ascends the stairs alone.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE

APPENDIX

INT. THEATER - NIGHT (N9)

SCENE 15 (ACT 1, SCENE I)

GOTARZES

*He comes, Arsaces comes, my gallant
brother, like shining Mars in all
the pomp of conquest -- triumphant
enters now our joyful gates; bright
victory waits on his glitt'ring
car, and shews her fav'rite to the
wond'ring crowd; while fame
exulting sounds the happy name to
realms remote, and bids the world
admire. Oh! 'Tis a glorious day --
let none presume t'indulge the
tear, or wear the gloom of sorrow;
This dau shall sine in ages yet to
come, and grace the Parthian story.*

SCENES 17, 19, 21 (ACT 1, SCENE II)

VARDANES

*Yet, again his name, sure there is
magic in it, Parthia's drunk and
giddy with joy; the houses' tops
with gaping spectators are
throng'd, nay wild they climb such
precipices that the eye is dazzl'd
with their daring; ev'ry wretch who
long has been immur'd, nor dar'd
enjoy the common benefits of sun
and air, creeps from his lurking
place; e'en feeble age, long to the
(MORE)*

VARDANES (CONT'D)

sickly couch confin's, stalks
forth, and with infectious breath
assails the Gods. O! Curse the
name, the idol of their joy.

LYSIAS

And what's that name, that thus
they should disturb the ambient
air, and weary gracious heav'n with
ceaseless bellowings? Vardanes
sounds with equal harmony, and
suits as well, the loud repeated
shouts of noisy joy. Can he bid
Chaos Nature's rule dissolve, can
he deprive mankind of light and
day, and turn the seasons from
their destin'd course? Say, can he
do all this, and be a God?
If not, what is his matchless
merit? What dares he, Vardanes
dares not? Blush not, noble
Prince, for praise is merit's due,
and I will give it; e'en 'mid the
crowd which waits thy brother's
smile, I'd loud proclaim the merit
of Vardanes.

VARDANES

Forbear this warmth, your
friendship urges far. Yet know
your love shall e'er retain a place
in my remembrance. There is
something here --

(pointing to his breast)

Another time and I will give thee
all; but now, no more --

LYSIAS

You may command my services, I'm
happy to obey. Of late your
brother delights in hind'ring my
advancement, and ev'ry boaster's
rais'd above my merit, Barzaphernes
alone commands his ear, his oracle
in all.

VARDANES

I hate Arsaces, tho' he's my
mother's son, and churchmen say
there's something sacred in the
name of my brother, my soul endures
him not, and he's the bane of all
my hopes of greatness. Like the
sun he rules the day, and like the

(MORE)

VARDANES (CONT'D)

*night's pale Queen, my fainter
 beams are lost when he appears.
 And this because he came into the
 world, a moon or two before me:
 what's the diff'rence, that he
 alone should shine in empire's
 seat? I am not apt to trumpet
 forth my praise, or highly name
 myself, but this I'll speak, to him
 in ought, I'm not the least
 inferior. Ambition, glorious
 fever! Mark of Kings, gave me
 immortal thirst and rule of empire.
 Why lag'd my tardy soul, why
 droop'd the wing, nor forward
 springing, shot before his speed to
 seize he prize? -- 'Twas empire --
 OH! 'Twas empire --*

LYSIAS

*Yet, I must think that of superior
 mould your soul was form'd, fit for
 a heav'nly state, and left
 reluctant it's sublime abode, and
 painfully obey'd the dread command,
 when Jove's controlling fate fore'd
 it below. His soul was earthly,
 and it downward mov'd, swift as to
 the center of attraction.*

VARDANES

*It might be so -- but I've another
 cause to hate this brother, ev'ry
 way my rival; In love as well as
 glory he's above me; I dote on fair
 Evanthe, but the charmer disdains
 my ardent suit, like a miser he
 treasures up her beauties to
 himself: thus he is form'd to give
 me torture ever -- but hark,
 they've reach'd the temple, didst
 thou observe the crowd, their
 eagerness, each put the next aside
 to catch a look, himself was
 elbow'd out? -- curse, curse their
 zeal --*

LYSIAS

Stupid folly!

VARDANES

*I'll tell thee, Lysias, this many-
 headed monster multitude, unsteady
 is as giddy fortune's wheel, as*
 (MORE)

VARDANES (CONT'D)

women fickle, varying as the wind;
to-day they this way course, the
next they veer, and shift another
point, the next another.

END OF APPENDIX